

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

[Price TWO SHILLINGS.]

18

THE



GENITAL

— K —

[Price Two Shillings]

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820

A
T R A N S L A T I O N
O F T H E
Scots Pastoral Comedy,
T H E
G E N T L E S H E P H E R D
I N T O
E N G L I S H,
F R O M
A L L A N R A M S A Y ' s O R I G I N A L,

—
By W. W A R D.

Here native innocence and mirth are seen,
No high flown phrases, and as few that's mean ;
Virtue and beauty here regale the sense,
The best of substitutes for eloquence.

L O N D O N :

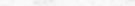
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A N D

Sold by the AUTHOR at his House, Musselburgh.

ENTRÉE

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

M A D A M,

I Hope your Grace will excuse the liberty I have taken, in offering for your Grace's perusal and patronage a Translation of the much admired Scotch Pastoral of the GENTLE SHEPHERD, into English; which under such protection can never fail of success. My vanity almost prompts me to think it will not be altogether disagreeable, when I consider your Grace's numberless virtues, and your readiness to promote the smallest effort that might in the least tend to the good of this country. Here, like other dedicators, I might attempt to delineate your Grace's beauty, virtue, generosity, hospitality, and those all-perfections that mark your Grace's character;—but when I reflect but a single moment, the world would certainly laugh at me for informing them of what they are already so well acquainted with.

My only motive, not vanity as an author, for attempting this translation, was, the English language
being

being spoke with so much propriety in this country, that the beauties of the original piece would have been totally lost in a few years had not this, or the like means, been taken to preserve it,

If on perusal it should meet with your Grace's approbation, I shall think myself particularly happy in having the honor to subscribe myself,

Your Grace's

Most grateful,

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

W. W A R D,

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

G E N T L E S H E P H E R D.

I Am fully convinced the partial critic will say with wonder, “a translation of the Gentle Shepherd into English—it is a pastoral, not inferior to any ever published for poetry, incident, or native beauty.” These are arguments that the Translator has the highest sense of, or he would by no means have attempted the translation, was the original less replete with beauty than it really is; my reasons for the attempt are too obvious to let them pass unnoticed. I am myself a native of England, but have resided in Scotland a considerable number of years, and become a proficient in the language of the low-lands of that country, and being ever fond of theatrical pieces, the Gentle Shepherd by chance came to hand;
on

on my first reading of it, I mean such parts as I could read; I received the greatest pleasure, but my feelings were extremely hurt, when I came to such passages as I could by no means comprehend the meaning of. Shortly after this the piece was represented at the Theatre Royal, where I flew with impatience, that I might find out more of its beauties there, but how much was I disappointed!—worse and worse!—If I was lost in the maze of Scotch expression, I was totally lost in the representation. The actors, who were all or most of them English, did not understand the language so well as myself, spoke a kind of jargon that they did not understand themselves, far less make it intelligible to any one else, though in the language of their own country most excellent performers. It happened soon after this the pastoral was announced for performance again, by some young people of the city; I flew with equal anxiety to see their performance; if one was bad, the other worse; no doubt they spoke the language in its ancient purity, but the want of a proper knowledge of the stage, and the regularity that is to be observed, to make a piece pleasing to the eye, as well as the ear, was totally lost: the want of emphasis, pauses, and points, passed over unobserved, so that neither the one or the other gave me the least satisfaction. It

was

was then the thought first occurred to me for the entertainment of English readers, that a translation of it would meet with success: I mentioned my thoughts to some of my acquaintance, men of genius and learning, who told me it was too arduous a task, and impossible to translate it, and retain the beauties of the piece.

This by no means disheartened me, for I was determined, so soon as I acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language, and time would permit me, to attempt the task myself. This thought vanished for some years, till I found the knowledge of the Scotch language was wearing out very fast among all ranks of people, and on asking many of my acquaintance what was the meaning of such words and sentences, made use of in the Gentle Shepherd, they were as ignorant of the meaning as I was the first day I set my foot in the country; therefore, in order to preserve so valuable a piece from obscurity, I immediately set about the translation, which I have done in as literal a manner as it is possible for a translation to be. This I have the vanity to say, I have not robbed it of any of its original beauties, and if I have added any, I shall think myself particularly happy in the approbation of my readers. I am certain I shall regale my English friends by the treat,
and

P R E F A C E.

and I hope my friends on the north side the Tweed, have too much good sense, and the generality of them have such a knowledge of the English language, as to admire every improvement that is made upon their own. If there should be any errors in the versification of the translation, it must be imputed to the original, as it is translated word for word, or line for line. Where the couplet is obliged to be altered, I have still kept up to the sense and meaning of the author. Those that are desirous of seeing the beauties of the work in its just colours, I would advise to have the original before them while they read the translation, and if they can find any beauties there, I shall think my trouble not totally lost.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personae.

M. I. N.

St. William's

St. William's

St. William's

Two old Sisters

Grand

St. William's

W O M E N

St. William's

St. William's

St. William's

St. William's

St. William's

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd

SYMON

and

GLAUD

} Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir
William

BAULDY, a Clown

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's Niece

JENNY, Glaud's Daughter

MAUSE, an old Woman, thought to be a Witch

ELSPA, Symon's Wife

MADGE, Glaud's Sister.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PATIE and ROGER *discovered sitting on a
Green Bank.*

S O N G I.

TUNE—*The Rousing of the Fold.*

MY Peggy is a young girl,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay.
My Peggy is a young girl,
And I'm not very old,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The rousing of the fold.

My Peggy speaks so sweetly
Whene'er we meet alone,
I wish no more to ease my care,
I wish no more of all that's rare:
My Peggy speaks so sweetly
To all the rest I'm cold,
For she makes all my spirits glow
At rousing of the fold.

B

My

My Peggy smiles so kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on all the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles so kindly,
 It makes me glad and bold,
 And nothing gives me such delight
 As rousing of the fold.

My Peggy sings so softly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By all the rest it is confess'd,
 By all the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings so softly,
 And in her songs are told,
 With innocence the choice of sense
 At rousing of the fold.

P A T I E.

This beaut'ous morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 All nature smiling in a jovial mood,
 How chearful 'tis to hear the linnets sing,
 Welcome in vocal song the enliv'ning spring:
 How sweet it is to breathe delicious air,
 And all the joys of life, when free from care:
 What ails thee, Roger, why do you thus grieve?
 Tell me the cause, and I'll your pains relieve.

R O G E R.

O Patie I am born to an ill-natur'd fate,
 To strive with hardships sad and great;
 Tempests may cease to dash the limpid stream,
 From fox and ravens free the lambs remain;
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
 Must still despair of finding out relief.

P A T I E

PATIE.

Bees shall despise the flower and quit the hive,
Willows on rivers' banks shall cease to thrive,
'Ere saucy girls, or loss of money dear,
Shall hurt my rest, or for them drop a tear.

ROGER.

You might do so, but I have not that ease,
My soul's too sad, nor have I power to please;
Sweet is your voice, soft accent on your tongue,
The old adore, admir'd by the young,
If I attempt to sing a song or speak,
They shut their ears, and up their milk-pails take,
And treat me ill as homeward I do go,
Vexation fills my heart with grief and woe.
As I'm well made determin'd yet to try,
Like you to please a pretty maiden's eye;
For every sheep you have I can ten count,
And should, as I do think, you far surmount.

PATIE.

But stop a little Roger, you have not a heart,
And dare not freely with your money part;
If that be true, what signifies your cash,
Narrows the mind that value puts on trash.

ROGER.

My ox stalls fell, and nine good fat ones kill'd,
Sorrow to me did that but little yield;
In winter last I did my temper keep,
Tho' snow had smother'd many scores of sheep.

PATIE.

Were your store-rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less you would lose, and less you would repine;

Those that have just enough can soundly sleep,
 Troubled are those that have much more to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee till thy heart,
 May feel the pangs of loss in ev'ry part.
 May some fair faucy girl your heart beguile,
 And never deign to give you one sweet smile;
 Till by her haughty pride you may be brought,
 To know I am no fool, or yet want thought.

PATIE.

At Edinburgh port six lambs I freely sold,
 And bought a flute, delightful to behold;
 With it I'll cheerful be, have more delight
 Than you with all your cash, and free from spite;
 I'll be more merry with it, and ne'er cloy,
 Than you with all the cash you can enjoy.

ROGER.

No Patie, no, I'm none of those,
 There's other things that doth my rest oppose;
 I dream'd a frightful dream but the last night,
 Which makes my flesh still tremble with the fright,

PATIE.

Of all your secrets, Roger, I'm possess'd,
 And if I was not, I could guess the rest:
 Foolish your dreams, I think the devil's in ye,
 Do I not know your love for faucy Jenny?
 Take courage, Roger, tell your story free,
 And all your secrets shall be safe with me.

ROGER.

Now, Patie, you have guest of what I've said,
 I'll tell you all, nor will I be afraid;

Know

Know, Jenny's looks are fit to break my heart,
 Yet from her presence I cannot depart,
 In every place she treats me with disdain,
 And at all times she loves to give me pain;
 Beyond that hill I saw her in the mead,
 She flew away and seemingly afraid,
 Her love's on Bauldy set, Bauldy that drives the
 cart—
 Despises me, which makes my heart to smart.

PATIE.

But your mista'en, he does not Jenny love,
 For Neps he sighs, so all your fears remove.

ROGER.

In vain I wish I could not seek her love,
 But yet I must, my mind can never rove;
 She struck my dog of late—hard hearted log—
 If she lov'd me, she'd surely love my dog.
 If one small spark had ever fill'd her breast,
 She might have shewn more kindness to my beast;
 When I begin to play my tuneful pipe,
 Her scornful piercing looks are ever ripe;
 I play'd last night a tune I thought would please,
 To get one smile to give my anguish ease;
 She said 'twas very sweet and very soft,
 But ask'd her cousin what it was, and laugh'd.
 My flocks may wander now without my care,
 My pipe I'll break—no more offend her ear.

PATIE.

Why do so, Roger?—ill-luck will sometimes
 happen to the best;
 Since her pert tongue will give your mind no rest,
 Yonder's

Yonder's a hill, climb up unto the top,
And when you're there down in the water drop.

ROGER.

When men make haste to spill their precious
blood,
God they offend—forgot by all that's good.

PATIE.

Silly fool give o'er your stupid whining way—
Seem careless—there's my hand, you'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my girl—I love as well as you
Do Jenny, and with heart as true :
Last morning I was very early out,
Upon a wall I lean'd, gazing about ;
I saw my Peg come skipping o'er the lawn,
I saw my Peg just at the break of dawn,
For yet the sun was only peeping thro'
The misty sky, as she near to me drew ;
Her coats tuck'd up, and sweetly did she shew
Her neat bare legs that whiter were than snow ;
Her head-dress neat, her hair was comb'd up sleek,
Her ringlet locks hung waving on her cheek,
Which were so rosy, and her eyes so bright,
And then her lips did equal all delight.
Clean was her dress in fustian waistcoat clad,
As she came skipping o'er the dewy mead ;
Chearful I cry'd, my Peg already come,
I wonder what so soon brought you from home ;
But I can guess, you're going to gather dew ;
She turn'd away, and said what's that to you ?
Farewel, my dear, said I, I'm quite at ease,
You'll be the first shall ask your Pate to please.
When that she heard she quickly did return,
While my fond heart with love and ardor burn.
Some taunting words she did upon me lend,
Requested next that I my dog would send,

For

For three small ewes had stray'd she could not find,
 I kiss'd and laugh'd, and so did she—delicious taste!
 My arms I clasp'd about her neck and waist,
 While in my arms I held the charming fair,
 To tell those joys would banish ev'ry care,
 Numberless chides came from her lovely mouth,
 But well I knew she did not tell the truth.
 If by your love you are perplex'd again,
 'Tell her you're pleas'd, she cannot give you pain,
 Seem to forsake her, and I'm sure you'll find
 Instead of you—your Jane will change her mind:

S O N G II.

Dear Roger if your Jenny mock,
 And answer kindness with a flight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight;
 But them neglect, they're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse—ne'er mind their hate,
 Push boldly on and win the day.

When maidens innocent and young,
 Say often what they would disguise,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But mark the language of their eyes;
 If these agree, and she persists
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Look elsewhere to be better bless'd,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

R O G E R.

Dear Patie, blessings on your honest heart,
 You're always cheerful, and have such an art
 To raise my mind, clear up the darkest part;

So

So for your pains I will a present make
 'Twas by my mother made, you'll keep it for her
 sake;

The best of wool doth form each diff'rent part
 With various colours, mark'd with no small art;
 You're worthy of it was it ten times more,
 Who did for me my wand'ring mind restore.

PATIE.

Your present I receive with hearty glee,
 And in return a present take from me;
 My flute I'll give you—before Jenny play,
 And I'll be bound she never says you nay.

ROGER.

I'll promise to observe what you think best,
 The flute pray keep, you far excel the rest;
 Now take it out my mind's upon the wing,
 And much I long to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll take a walk up to the hill,
 Our flocks to feed, where they may take their fill,
 Then for a breakfast, bread and wholesome cheese
 Would be sufficient for a lord to please,
 Might please the nicest taste, would sense permit,
 With exercise and air to get an appetite.
 At yonder well, we'll take our grace, drink free,
 I'll whistle then, and sing most chearfully.

S C E N E II.

INTRODUCTION.

*Between two verdant hills, a sweet repose,
 Where girls were wont to wash and spread their
 clothes,*

A little

*A little rivulet purling through the ground,
Shew'd its smooth pebbles, shining clear and round,
Here view two bare-foot beauties, clean and tight,
Whose eyes are killing—voice gives great delight;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Peg, with better sense, true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

A pleasant spot for work is on this green,
The shining sun will make our linen clean;
The sky unclouded shews its azure blue,
Will make them like a lily, white with dew.

PEGGY.

Yet farther up the stream I'd wish to go,
Where all the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between two trees a rivulet doth run,
With gentle falls, and guarded from the sun;
A pool breast deep, a bottom clear as glass,
With easy pearls doth kiss the bord'ring grass.
The morning's cool, we'll work with fresher air,
In heat of day let's to the pool repair,
There wash ourselves, and sport and play,
No time so proper as the month of May.

JENNY.

O thoughtless girl, what would you say,
If Pate and Roger comes this way,
And see what always we would wish to hide?
Patie would jeer, and Roger he would chide.

PEGGY.

Of pleasures here secure we take our fill,
The youth's are feeding far beyond the hill;

C

But,

But, Jenny, tell me, why with such disdain,
You still persist to give your lover pain ?
The neighbours are concern'd for Roger's love,
But all his sighs your heart could never move ;—
Do not despise him or you'll come to rue—
To tell the truth, he's sure as good as you.

J E N N Y.

I cannot love him, why do you desire ?—
A clown so simple ne'er can blow love's fire ;
He dresses well, and seems inclin'd to please,
But still he wants some more address and ease ;
His bonnet blue on side of head he wears,
With ribbands deck'd right well appears ;
His cravat too is always clean and white,
And none at church or fair doth look more tight ;
But when he speaks 'tis with a deal of sorrow—
How do you Jenny ?—or wish me a good morrow.

P E G G Y.

Why treat your lover with so much disdain,
Instead of giving pleasure you give pain ;
Soon you'll repent it, I am much afraid,
Roger forsakes you and you die a maid.
Some children cry and quarrel at their meat,
And when they've got it fret and will not eat,
The rest laugh at them till the dinner's past,
And then the foolish thing's oblig'd to fast,
Or eat another's leavings at the last.

S O N G I I I.

P E G G Y.

The faucy will repent
When lovers hearts grow cold,
Not one her smiles will mind
Soon as her face grows old :

The

The child indulg'd and in a pet,
Not eats tho' hunger craves,
Whimpers and scoffs at what they eat,
Tho' part of it would have.
They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by himself abus'd,
The foolish boy's oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they refus'd.

PEGGY.

Time may fly swift, and you in years decline.

JENNY.

I never thought a single life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I, but Cupid's laws doth whisper still,
We're form'd for men, subservient to their will.

JENNY.

If Roger is my love, to him 'tis known,
For such a thought to me he ne'er did own :
He sighs and groans, and well I know the cause,
'Tis in my breast—secret's the womens laws.
If love he offers—nay on knees adore,
I'll tell him plainly ne'er to do it more ;
They're fools that slav'ry like—I will be free,
No man on earth shall ever conquer me.

PEGGY.

Do as you like, for me I have a mind,
To be as yielding as my lover's kind.

JENNY.

Dear girl, how are you thus inclin'd,
To love a youth devoted to his mind ?

Soon

Soon as you're wed, I fear you'll find much strife,
When once the parson calls you man and wife.

S O N G IV.

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you:
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married,
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthful joys.

P E G G Y.

The fate I'll try, nor have I any fear,
But rather think the shortest day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
And on my lover's breast to lean my head;
I'll strive to please him—yea 'tis good my part,
By doing that I'm mistress of his heart.

J E N N Y.

You may indeed for some time be care's'd,
To you his love will shew above the rest;
But soon as the honey-moon is o'er
He'll look on others, think on you no more;
Despise you next, perhaps may turn a rake,
And think he's lost his freedom for your sake;
Instead of soft delights which you expect,
He'll change his mind, and treat you with neglect,
And when in liquor not refuse,
To give his pretty wife a bloody nose,

P E G G Y.

Coarse are your thoughts, nor will I be inclin'd,
My love's so fix'd, to ever change my mind;
Patie

Patie to me is dearer than my life,
 With him I'm happy, scorn the worst of strife;
 All other shepherds, I for him despise,
 So neat, so trim, and such fine glancing eyes;
 Such music from his tongue he doth impart,
 Thrills through my veins and ravishes my heart;
 Delightful can he sport and gently shew,
 Actions and deeds that others do not know;
 Each day when he's alone upon the lawn,
 He reads such books as will the mind adorn—
 He is—but why should I his all perfections paint?
 I'm sure my pencil is by far too faint.
 In all his actions, all his easy mein,
 The rest look foolish when my Patie's seen;
 His better sense will bind his love to me,
 While those untaught will wander light and free.

J E N N Y.

O pretty talk indeed! 'ere it be long,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a song.
 O 'tis a pleasing thing to be a bride,
 With crying children round your fire-side;
 Asking for this or that with noise and din,
 To make them clothes you next must set to spin;
 One child falls sick—another lost its shoe;
 A third cries cold, you know not what to do;
 There's such a rumpus, home grows hell,
 And Pate abuses worse than tongue can tell.

S O N G V.

P E G G Y.

How can I be sad when a husband I have
 Whose sense is superior to those,
 Poor weak silly fellows that study like fools,
 And lose their own joy by their wives silly rules.
 The

The man who is prudent ne'er flighteth his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, nor will he abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Yes 'tis a pleasing thing to be a wife,
 When round the fire-side our children thrive;
 If I'm so happy, I shall take delight
 To hear their prattle and to keep them right.
 Oh Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 To see such sweet one's tott'ring round our knee;
 When all they aim at, and their only wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss;
 Can there be toil in watching day and night
 Those pretty babes, when love makes care delight.

J E N N Y.

But if by chance you should turn poor,
 And beggary come too near your door,
 But little love or pleasant cheer can be,
 With dirty clothes and empty pantry.
 Your cows may die—the floods may sweep away
 From off the meadows green your cocks of hay;
 The thick-blown reaths of snow or blashy thaws
 Your wethers smother, or may rot your ewes:
 A bankrupt buys your butter, wool, and cheese,
 But 'ere the day of payment breaks and flies:
 The landlord seeks his rent—wont be said nay—
 Its not to give—the merchant's run away:
 His honour will not want—your goods he'll sell,
 Then driven from house to house were can you dwell.
 Dear Peg be wife, and lead a single life,
 'Deed 'tis no jest to be a married wife.

P E G G Y.

May such ill-luck befall the silly she,
 Who has such fears, for it was never me.

Let

Let folk do well and strive to do their best—
 No more's requir'd—let heaven make out the rest.
 Oft have I heard my honest uncle say,
 That men should all for wives that's virtuous pray.
 A well stor'd house, the pleasure of man's life,
 Can ne'er be had without a thrifty wife :
 Nought shall be wanting therefore on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart ;
 What e'er he gains I'll guide with utmost care,
 And get the praise of market, home and fair ;
 For wholesome cheap good and sufficient ware. }
 And first of all to market shall be sent,
 Some lambs and cheese to pay the lord his rent.
 Then all behind's our own ; so without fear,
 With love and plenty through the world we steer ;
 Happy then with children, and riches grown,
 He'll bless the time the parson made us one.

J E N N Y.

If on the green some wanton should arise,
 With dimpled cheeks, and two bewitching eyes,
 Should make your Patie think his half worn Meg,
 And her kind kisses hardly worth a fig.

P E C C Y.

No more of that, dear Jenny, to be free,
 Some men more constant are in love than we ;
 Nor is the wonder great, when nature, kind,
 Has bless'd them with solidity of mind ;
 They'll reason calmly and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions would our peace beguile ;
 But whensoever they slight their wife at home,
 'Tis ten to one they have themselves to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure all my art,
 To keep him chearful, and secure his heart :

At

At evening when he comes right tir'd from the hill,
 I'll have some supper ready to his will ;
 In winter when he toils thro' rain and wind,
 A blazing fire, and clear hearth stone he'll find,
 His hat, his coat, his crook, I'll lay aside,
 Take off the pot, that is right well supply'd ;
 Clean home spun cloath I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford ;
 Good humour and clean head-dress 'ere shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

J E N N Y.

In youth, we all the marriage pleasure enjoy,
 Old age comes on, and all those pleasures cloy.

P E G G Y.

But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
 The want of youth, when love grows in the mind ;
 Children and their's make sure a firmer tie,
 Then ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yonder elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years since, bridegroom and
 bride.
 Nearer and nearer every year they're prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other from the eastern blast,
 And in return defends that from the west.
 Such as stand single, (a state so lik'd by you,)
 Beneath each storm and every blast must bow.

J E N N Y.

I've done, I yield, dear Peggy I must yield,
 Your better sense has fairly won the field ;
 A little enemy within my breast has lain,
 Which makes me thus of all mankind complain.

S O N G

S O N G VI.

I yield, dear girl, that you have won,
And there is no denying,
That sure as light flows from the sun,
From love proceeds complying:
For all that we can do or say
'Gainst love, there nothing heeds us;
The foe doth in our bosom lodge,
That by the heart-string leads us.

P E G G Y.

Alas, poor prisoner!—Jenny that's not fair,
That you'll not let him out to take the air.
Haste let him out, I'll know it if I can,
If he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

J E N N Y.

Another time's as good; for see the fun
Is right far up, our washing not begun,
If canker'd Madge, our aunt, should come this way
She'll make us think that there's the dee'l to pay.
But when we've done, I'll tell you all my mind,
If this be true no girl can be more kind.

Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

D

A C T II.

S C E N E II.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

*A snug thatch'd house, before the door a green,
Hens on the dunghill, ducks in dubs are seen:
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre,
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's, you see him at the end,
And to his mossy bank invites his friend.*

G L A U D and S Y M O N .

G L A U D .

GOOD morrow neighbour Symon; come sit
down,
And tell me all the news you heard in town;
You was there the other day, as I was told;
And both old cow and bald face calf you fold;
I'll warrant you bought tobacco of the best;
Come pull it out; and give a pipe to taste.

S Y M O N .

With all my heart, and hear me now old boy,
I've gather'd news will tickle your mind with joy.

I could not rest, till I come o'er the lee,
Of what I've heard, to tell it unto thee;
Now shall our vile oppressors fly indeed,
To find a place where they can hide their head.

GLAUD.

Eye, Symon, do not lie; for some there are ne'er
stand,
To hatch and spread the greatest lies off-hand;
Which soon flies round, like wild-fire, far and
near—
But loose your poke, be it true or false, let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, who right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate, to save his head:
Because you know full well he bravely chose
To stand his Liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's dead, and gone to Nick,
And one call'd Monk has play'd a right fly trick,
Restor'd King Charles, and every thing's in tune,
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

S O N G.

Cold be the rebels lot,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope to see them at the last,
Hung on a gallows sturdy.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And never high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, King and nation.

GLAUD.

That makes me glad indeed!—but do not lie—
Tell o'er your news again, and all the de'els defy.
And saw you Hab?—well, what did Halbert say?
They have really been a dreary time away.
Now God be thank'd that our Lord's come home,
And his estate so justly can he claim.

SYMON.

They that oppress'd us, yea in every vein,
Like greedy bears, no more dare do't again,
And good Sir William shall enjoy his own.

GLAUD.

And may he long, for ever did he strive
Instead of raising rents, wish'd us to thrive;
Nor grumbled if any one grew rich; he's none of
those
To raise our rents, if we wore Sunday's clothes.

SYMON.

Nor would he long, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our grey-hair'd noddles to be bare.
“ Put on your bonnet, Symon—take a seat—
“ Hows all at home?—Hows Elspa?—How does
Kate?
“ How sells black cattle?—what gives wool this
year?”
Such questions would he ask, and answers hear.

S O N G.

The lord who in riches and honour
Would thrive, should ever be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants that labour,
But raise them above poverty :

Else

Else, like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
 And barden'd will tumble down faint;
 Thus virtue, by hardship is smother'd,
 And oppressors they oft want their rent.

G L A U D.

Then would he bid the butler bring
 The nappy bottle, and the glasss clean;
 Which in our breast did raise a chearful glome,
 As made me many a time go dancing home.
 My heart's quite rais'd, dear neighbour will ye stay
 And take your dinner here with me to day;
 We'll send for Elspa too—and upon sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger from the height;
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the next town,
 And bring a draft of ale both stout and brown;
 Then make our cottars all, man, wife, and child,
 Drink till they loose their way, and dance like wild.

S Y M O N.

I would not baulk, my friend, this good design,
 If that it had not first of all been mine;
 For yesterday I brew'd a bowl of malt,
 And likewise slew two wethers prime and fat;
 A bushel of good cakes my Elspa bak'd,
 A good large ham that has been finely reek'd;
 I saw myself, 'ere I come o'er the lawn,
 Our largest pot, that scalds the whey put on;
 One sheep we'll boil—likewise another roast,
 And on the puddings Elspa spares no cost;
 The suet smally shred, and she can mix full nice,
 The good ingredients, with a little spice:
 The tripes are fat—the heads and feet are clean,
 And we've invited neighbours all, both high and
 mean

To

To spend this afternoon with mirth and glee,
And drink Sir William's welcome home most
cheerfully.

You must not then refuse to join the rest,
Since you're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring with you all your family, and then,
Whene'er you please I'll rant with you again,

GLAUD.

That's finely spoke, old boy, and never fear,
But at your banquet I will first appear;
Faith we'll push about the jorum and look bold,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or old—
Old said I!—troth I'm younger by a score,
With this good news than what I was before;
I'll dance till night!—here, Madge, come forth,
do you hear?

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gone mad! dear Symon welcome
here.—
What would ye Glaud, with all this haste and noise,
You spoil my spinning, all our work destroys.

GLAUD.

Spin!—Snuff—go break your wheel—set it on
fire,
Likewise the largest peat stack, it is my desire;
Then dance about the bonfire till you die,
For soon again you will Sir William spy!

MADGE.

Glad news indeed! and who has told you that?

GLAUD.

G L A U D.

What's that to you !—go fetch my Sunday coat,
 Look out the whitest of my neckcloths strait ;
 My stockings white, and mittens that are neat ;
 Then from the washing call the children home,
 And make themselves as neat as they can come—
 Make them most neat and clean and gay,
 For we are to dine at Symond's house to day.

S Y M O N.

Do honest Madge, Glaud and I'll go on,
 And see that all things rightly are began.

S C E N E II.

*The open fields, a cottage in a vale,
 In sun-shine sits Maufe at her spinning wheel ;
 With folded arms, and half mad looks you see,
 Under the cover of a blasted tree.*

B A U L D Y.

In hell's sad region I had better been,
 To die for love, or Peggy ne'er had seen :
 A Peggy, sweeter than the dawn of day,
 More fragrant than smell of new-mown hay,
 More chearful than the lambs that frisk the green,
 Straighter than pine that's in the forest seen ;
 Her eyes the clearest of all things excel,
 Lily's must blush if in her bosom dwell ;
 Her mouth, her shape, her make, her eyes,
 Will be my death—my love I can't disguise.
 Patie loves her, hard luck, and she loves Pate,
 Dismal the story that I could relate ;
 Vows I have made, will cause a deal of scorn,
 And make me dread the hour I was born ;

My

My mind I'd speak, but dare not be so free,
 Left one and all should prove my enemy :
 'Tis hard to bare !—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 Through of the one, then gain the other's heart ;
 In this sad house there lives a witch call'd Maufe,
 Can cast her spells, and tell the witchcraft laws ;
 She can with clouds the moon o'er cast,
 And make the devils obedient to her task ;
 At midnight hour she o'er the church yard raves,
 And pulls unchristened children from their graves,
 Within a wizard's skull their liver boils,
 And round the hemlock fire ghosts she toils ;
 And seven times does her prayers backwards say,
 Till devils come with lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mix'd with the venom of black toads and snakes ;
 Of this, ill-looking figures oft she makes
 Of any one she hates—nay cause expire
 With slow and torturing pains before the fire ;
 Stuck full of pins, the dev'lish pictures dry,
 Till those they represent do pine and die.
 Yonder she sits, and very well doth know,
 When one like me would to the devil go.
 Her, and her cat, are both together set,
 The very thought doth put me in a sweat ;
 Afraid I am to tell my dismal tale,
 But I must do't, though in the attempt I fail.
 With love and devils I'm oblig'd to strive,
 Fast gallop they that him and women drive.

Exit.

S C E N E III.

MAUSE *either sings or speaks.*

*The King's come home, and Peggy shall enjoy
 Her right to fortune and her darling boy ;*

No

*No more the cows or ewes you milk,
But change your home-spun gray for silk ;
From plaiding stuff to filken gown,
You'll be the lady of this town,
Now Peggy since the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

I'm glad to see my mother look so well ;
Three score and ten, I think I've heard you tell.

MAUSE.

With little noise my wheel about doth run,
And warm my aged limbs before the sun ;
What brings you here so early in the morn—
No dung to drive—to thresh no corn ?

BAULDY.

Plenty of both, but something I would ask,
Of things mysterious, far above my task.

MAUSE.

Ask help of me, who is by poverty and age,
Brought to the wants of life's last stage.

BAULDY.

Ah, but you've better sense than we can claim,
Or all the parish sure have lost their aim.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess'd,
That rates my character above the rest ?

E

BAULDY.

BAULDY.

The word that's said you are so wise and clever,
You'll take it ill, should I the truth discover.

MAUSE.

What's said of me, pray Bauldy, let me hear,
Tell what you know, you have no cause to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, since you bid me, I will let you hear,
What folks say of you far and near;
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
And torrents skim'd away my mother's yarn,
When my fat cow was struck both blind and lame,
And Tibby churn'd, and there no butter came;
When Betty Freetocks plump and lively child,
To a fairy turn'd, and all her hopes beguil'd;
When Walter wander'd one night thro' the mead,
He lost himself, and was most sore afraid;
When Mongo's mare stood still, and sweat with
fright,
When he brought home the midwife in the night;
My bald-fac'd horse fell dead upon the green,
And Sarah's head-dress never more was seen;
You Gammer got the fault of all those things,
And name of witch thro' all the parish rings.
And so they may that wish to hurt your fame,
But with respect I'll ever speak your name;
When next at mill I will your humour please,
And send some oatmeal and a peck of pease.

MAUSE.

I thank you boy!—now tell me what you'd have,
'And if I can I will assistance give.

BAULDY.

BAULDY.

Then I'm in love with Peggy;—Neps in love
with me—
Peggy love's Pate—and Pate is fond of she;
I love sweet Peg—but Neps I dare not see:
Now change the scene, you'll make me happier—
Convey his love to Neps—Peggy's to me transfer.

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to make the bowls roll right,
So get you home, and come again at night;
Against that time I will some things prepare,
Worth all the meal and pease that you can spare.

BAULDY.

Well, Maufe, I'll come, if I the road can find,
But if you raise the devil he'll raise the wind,
Send rain and thunder which will make me stray,
And night so dark, I cannot find my way.
This night our friend, good Symon, gives a feast,
Come like a ghost, 'twill be a noble jest;
And by that means you can our actions try,
There's none shall know it there but you and I.

MAUSE.

Perhaps I may—tell no one what has past,
Or you may dread my vengeance at the last.

BAULDY.

If e'er your secrets, Maufe, I should advance,
May you ride on me every night to France.
[Exit. Bauldy.]

MAUSE *solus*.

Hard luck, indeed, when poverty and age,
Grows out of fashion on this worldly stage.

Some sense I have, and 'cause I am not rich,
 I get the hateful name of wrinkled witch.
 This fool imagines, as do many more,
 That I am one that doth the de'el adore,
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act above their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
 Soon shall they know what brought, what keeps
 me here.
 None knows but me, and by the morning rise
 I'll tell them things shall stone them with surprize,

S C E N E I V .

P A T I E *and* P E G G Y .

P E G G Y .

Dear Patie let me go, I must not stay,
 We're both call'd home, and Jenny's gone away,

P A T I E .

I cannot part so soon, now we're alone,
 And Roger he's away with Jenny gone;
 They're as well pleas'd, and certainly more free,
 In being alone themselves, I think as we.
 On this soft bank, which beauteous flowers
 crown,
 And near the chrystal stream we'll set us down,
 Enjoy the warbling notes of lark and thrush,
 See gentle zephyrs move each tender bush.

P E G G Y .

The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
 For what I know may more than Peggy please.

P A T I E .

PATIE.

You wrong me much to doubt my want of love,
My mind is fix'd, nor shall it ever rove ;
I ne'er can fancy one so sweet or fair
As my dear Meg—or worthy of my care,
Your breath is sweeter than the sweetest flowers,
Your neck and breast outvie delicious bowers,
Your words excel the most delightful notes,
That warble from the lark or thrush's throats ;
For you despise each flower that decks the field,
Or ripest fruits our fertile mountains yield;
The most delicious that e'er grew on tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

PEGGY.

But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach,
I dare not stay, on me you make your game,
The next you meet you'll tell her all the same,
Remove your thoughts from me, then I'm to
blame.

PATIE.

Sooner a mother shall her fondness drop,
And wrong the child that's smiling on her lap,
The sun shall stop its course—the moon to change
shall cease,
The birds to fly, or sheep to yield their fleece,
Before my love should ever from you rove,
Or do you ill, I swear by all above.

PEGGY.

Then keep your oath, but many men will swear,
And be forsworn to two in half a year ;
Though

Though I believe you like me wond'rous well,
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Peg forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she admir'd was by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'm sure I cannot change, you need not fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've lov'd you many a year,
When you could scarcely speak or walk alone,
I mind it well I took you from the throng,
And oft with tender care did lead you by the hand,
Where tansey grew, and straightened rushes stand,
You smiling by my side, I took delight
To pull the rushes green with roots so white;
As well as my young fancy taught, I did prepare
The flow'ry belt, and garland for your hair.

PEGGY.

When first you went with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear the milk pails was no toil to me,
When at the fold at night I met with thee.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow and the blue bottle
Bloom'd lovely on each rig and rising hill,
No hedge, no trees, or furze e'er troubled me,
If I could find blueberries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When you did wrestle, run, or put the stone,
My heart was joyful when the day you won;
At all those sports thou still gave joy to me,
For none can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Jenny sings softly the broom of cowdenknows,
 And Rosy's strain, the milking of the ewes ;
 There's none like Nancy, Jenny Nettle sings,
 At times in Moggy Lauder Mary rings.
 But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill,
 The Boatman, or the Lads of Patie's Mill,
 It is a thousand times more sweet to me ;
 Tho' they sing well, they cannot sing like thee.

PEGGY.

How little can girls know what they desire,
 And rous'd by them we love, blows up the fire,
 But who loves best, let time and carriage try,
 Be constant, and my love shall time defy ;
 Be still as now, and all my cares shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

*As the Song introduced in the original in this place
 is never sung, and the words are the same as
 above, it was thought needless to insert them
 here.*

PATIE.

Wer't thou a silly fool, just like the rest,
 How little better than our cows behave at best ;
 At nought they'll wonder, senseless tales believe,
 Be glad for silly flights, for trifles grieve.
 Such ne'er could win my heart, that no not how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
 But you in better sense, I know full well,
 In mind and beauty can them all excel ;
 Continue kind, and all my cares shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed !—But hearken, that's old aunty's cry ;
 I know they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

PATIE.

And let them wonder.—Now a kindly kiss,
Or threescore good ones would not be amiss,
And then we'll sing the song with tuneful glee,
That I made up last week on you and me,

PEGGY.

Sing first—than claim your hire.

PATIE.

———— Well, I agree,

S O N G.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of your mouth,
And rolling eyes, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my sweet one, that as well as I,
You're made for love, then why should you deny?

PEGGY.

But know ye lad if we confess too soon,
You think us cheap, and then the wooings done,
The maiden that o'er quickly loses power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste both hard and sour.

PATIE.

But if they hang o'er long upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may loose, and so may ye,
In bloom of youth completely you appear,
I've begg'd and sigh'd and woo'd almost a year.

PEGGY, *singing, falls into Patie's Arms.*

Then do not pull me, gently thus I fall
Into my Patie's arms for good and all,

Confine

Confine your wishes to this kind embrace,
Until by Hymen's laws we are made fast.

PATIE, with his arm round her waist.

O charming armful!—hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure all the live-long day,
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day comes that you will be my own.

Sung by both.

Sun gallop down the western skies,
Go soon to bed and early rise,
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day,
And if you're wearied, honest light,
Sleep if you like a week that night.

Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

A C T I I I.

S C E N E I.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

*Now turn your eyes beyond that spreading lime,
And see a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time;
A short stick fills his hand, his habit mean;
No doubt you'll think he has a pedlar been:
But hush, it is the knight in masquerade,
To see what progress his dear youth has made;
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves,
Thro' his old avenue and once delighted groves,*

Sir WILLIAM, *solus.*

The gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again;
Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
While I my once fair seat in ruin view.
Yonder—Ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof;—the gates fallen from their bands,
The windows all broke down; no chimnies left,
The naked walls of tapestry all bereft;
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:

My

My gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet,
 Where round the figur'd green and feeble walks,
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks,
 But over-grown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No hyacinths or sweet-briers here appear ;
 Those once ample walls are now to ruin fell,
 Which peach and nect'rine branches held full well,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce,
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in their use.
 All round in gaps the walls in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd, and now my joy
 Forbids all grief, when I may see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair.
 Yet 'ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing time brought
 forth.

Hid from himself he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the hill and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistles o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life that's from ambition free !
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

S O N G.

Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
 He starts as fresh as roses blown ;
 And ranges o'er the hill and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks :

Healthful

Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.
 Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfullied with a crime.
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state;
 He lives and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time,

Sir WILLIAM.

Now towards good Symon's house I'll bend my
 way,
 And see what makes yon merriment to day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily play and sing.

Exit.

S C E N E II.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

*Its Symon's house, please to walk in,
 And view it round and round;
 Nothing superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean, and a clear fire
 Glances along the flour;
 The green-born spoon and wooden dish,
 On shelves plac'd near the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The old ones think it best,
 With good brown beer their spirits cheer,
 Snuff, talk, and take their rest.*

SYMON.

SYMON, GLAUD, *and* ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We once were young ourselves—I like to see
The children dance around with other merrily.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a clever youth,
Nor better looks would wish to tell the truth.
Among our youth he does them all excel,
And far exceeds them when his tales he tell.

ELSPA.

He has been a comfort to us both I own,
God make him good, and keep him as his own;
He is a youth worth all that we have done,
And never gave us trouble night or noon.

GLAUD.

With Peggy I am sure he is in love,
And from that love his mind will never rove,
Nor will I ever his fond love disprove;
Handsome he is—more so there cannot be,
Nor better—tho' not allied to me.

SYMON.

Ah, Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch,
And for some reasons that I'll not declare,
Sooner than tell I wish I buried were.

GLAUD.

What reason can you have?—There's none I'm
sure,
Unless that you may tell me he's but poor.
But if the girl doth marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my own Jenny kind.

Fourscore

Fourscore of breeding ewes of my own mark,
Five cows that fill a churn, take from the park,
And give to Peggy, when she's a bride I swear,
And as much more, if I have it to spare ;
Ten lambs at weaning time as long as I live,
And two she calves I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

You offer fair, kind Glaud, but you don't know
What would be thought improper I should shew.

SYMON.

'Ere this day se'nnight you will plainly see,
About this matter we cannot agree.

GLAUD.

We'll no more of it—take the other drink
To their good healths—and no more of it think.
their healths are drank.

SYMON.

But tell me, Glaud—by some I hear 'tis said,
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Within your house behind a screen one morn in
May,
Most clean roll'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

That chattering Madge, my sister, tells such
lies
When she's ill-natur'd—but that I despise.

Enter JENNY.

JENNY.

O father, there's an old man on the green,
The best of fortune-tellers e'er was seen,
Observes

Observes our hands, and then pulls out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gives our brows a look,
Then tells the oddest tales you ever heard,
His head is grey and long and white his beard.

SYMON.

Go, bring him in—we'll hear what he can say;
None shall go hungry by my house to day.

Exit. JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He knows no more of that than my grey mare.

GLAUD.

Of what they say I have the greatest doubt,
For greater liars never went about.

JENNY, *bringing in Sir William.*

SYMON.

You're welcome to my house, do pray sit down.

Sir WILLIAM.

I thank you, Sir, I must your goodness own.

GLAUD *drinks.*

Here's t'ye friend, how far came you to day?

Sir WILLIAM.

I pledge ye, neighbour, a very little way.
Stiffen'd with age, a little space seems length,
Two miles or three doth master all my strength.

SYMON.

Your'e welcome here, with me this night to live
And take such bed and board as we can give.

Sir

Sir W I L L I A M.

That's kind indeed ;—now if you children have
That you like well, my art I'll freely give,
And shall employ the utmost of my skill
To tell it faithfully, be it good or ill.

S Y M O N.

Only that boy, no more we ever had,
Either to make us sorrowful or glad.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Young man, your hand I'd see.—
What makes you sneer?

P A T I E.

Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir W I L L I A M.

You speak too soon, tho' secrets some would hide,
I know there is a mouse-mark on your side.

E L S P A.

And well I know what you have said is true,
Away, away, the devil's too free with you.
Below his arm-pit is the mark you mean,
Since he was born it scarcely e'er was seen.

Sir W I L L I A M.

I'll tell you more, and what is my desire,
In a short time he'll be a rich young squire.

E L S P A.

A squire !—pray, my dear, what think you now?

S Y M O N.

I do not know !—Strange old man, what art
thou ?

May good attend your heart, I like to hear of
wealth,
Come fill the glasses to young 'Squire's health.
They drink his health.

PATIE.

A 'Squire of two good pipes, I play with little
skill,
My crook, and dogs my tenants on the hill,
Is all my great estate, and like to be,
So cunning man ne'er break your joke on me.

SYMON.

Be silent, Patie, let him see your hand,
Oft times a broken ship has come to land.

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance.*

ELSPA.

May God preserve us!——
The man's a wizard; or posses'd
With something ill; or second sight at least—
Where is he now?

GLAUD.

—— He's seeing all that's done
In every place beneath and 'bove the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-sighted people are posses'd
Of things mysterious, which I can't express;
And can of future things as plainly see
As I do you, or you do me;—
Ask how soon we'll see Sir William—hush! I'm
very sad—
He speaks out broken words like one that's mad.

G

SYMON

SYMON.

He'll soon grow better ; Elspa run with speed,
And bring a glass of cordial—he's in need.

Sir WILLIAM *rises and speaks.*

A knight that for a lion fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to long toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands share :
But now again the lion rears,
And joy spreads o'er the plain ;
The lion has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.

That knight in a few days shall bring
A shepherd from the fold,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bold :
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd,
All you that hear me now
May well believe what I have told,
For it shall happen true.

SYMON.

Friend, may your prophesy prove good and well,
But faith I think you bargain'd with the devil.
You tell some tales that I would secrets keep,
Pray do you get them told you in your sleep ?

Sir WILLIAM.

Which way I get them you need not regard,
Nor do I now tell fortunes for reward,
But I'll lay ten to one with any here,
What I have prophesied will soon appear.

SYMON.

SYMON.

You prophesying folks pretend to know
What I would tell, but ne'er shall tell it you;
The winding meaning of your uncouth tale,
Will soon be heard o'er moor and dale.

GLAUD.

Its no small sport that Symon doth believe
And takes for granted what this old man says:
Of lies he'll tell, which he applies to Pate,
The truth of which we wish at any rate.

Sir WILLIAM.

Stop, doubtful man, for 'ere the fun,
Its glorious travels twice has run,
What I have said you shall see done.

}

GLAUD.

Well, be it so friend—I shall say no more.—
But I've two pretty lasses young and fair,
In bloom of youth—I wish you could foresee
Such fortunes for them would prove joy to me.

Sir WILLIAM.

No more thro' secrets can I spy,
'Till darkness blackens all the sky.
But once a day this gift is given me,
So for a while my friend contented be.

SYMON.

Elspa, put on the cloth, bring here some meat.
And of our best make this old stranger eat.

Sir WILLIAM.

Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,

G 2

Around

Around that ruin'd tower to take a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you please I'll answer your request;
And Glaud you'll take your pipe beside the rest:
We'll but go round the hall, and soon return,
Then sup and drink, and may some stories learn.

GLAUD.

I'll out a while and see the young ones play,
My heart's still light, altho' my locks are grey.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

INTRODUCTION.

*Jenny pretends an errand home,
Young Roger leaves the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thaw his lover's breast,
Behind a bush they meet obscure from sight,
See Jenny laugh, and Roger cry for spite.*

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

Dear Jenny, would you let me once but speak,
And yet I fear your scorn, should I an error make.

JENNY.

And what would Roger say?—I'd wish'd to
know the task,
Am I oblig'd to guess what you would ask?

ROGER.

ROGER.

Yes you may guess right well without disguise,
Both by my service, sighs, and longing eyes ;
And I must tell you truth, although I risk your
scorn,
You're never from my thoughts both e'en and
morn :
Oh could I love you less, I'd happier be,
But happier far could you but fancy me.

JENNY.

And who knows honest Roger but I may,
You cannot say I ever said you nay.

ROGER.

Alas ! my frightened heart begins to fail,
When I attempt to tell my inmost tale,
For fear some tighter lad more rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I love my father, cousin Meg I love,
But to this day no man my mind could move ;
Except my kin each lad's alike to me,
And from you all I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How long, dear Jenny ? say not that again ;
What pleasure can you take in giving pain ?—
I'm glad however that you yet are free,
Who knows but you may love and pity me.

JENNY.

You have my pity—but hard is our lot,
In that which makes our sweetness soon forgot ;
You'll

You'll say we're bonny good in every thing—
 How sweet we breathe whene'er we kifs or sing !
 But we're no sooner fools to give consent,
 Than we our folly and lost power repent ;
 Within the house oblig'd to drudge at home,
 While you at liberty can freely roam.

ROGER.

These things might happen, were you sold at
 fair,
 That we might chuse a wife as dealers would a
 mare ;
 Or when dull parents doth together bind
 Children of tempers that can ne'er prove kind ;
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 Though you should scorn, I'll still delight in thee.

JENNY.

What sugar'd words from lover's lips can fall,
 But snarling marriage comes and ends them all.
 I've seen with shining sun the morning rise,
 Too soon the fleeting clouds dark all the skies.
 At times I've seen the silver spring run clear,
 And soon in mossy pebbles disappear ;
 The bridegroom may rejoice the bride may smile,
 But soon contentions all their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
 The day unclouded sunk in calmest night ;
 And seen the spring run purling through the plain,
 Join and increase the ocean without stain ;
 The bridegroom may be glad, the bride may smile,
 Rejoice thro' life and every fear beguile.

JENNY.

J E N N Y.

Were I but sure you long would love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart would gain;
For I must own since you're become so free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made you dearer to me then the rest.

R O G E R.

I am happy now!—o'er happy!—I can scarcely
breathe!
This sudden pleasure's like to be my death!
Come to my arms, believe me I'm all fir'd
With anxious love, let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs!—we'll kifs the sun and stars away,
And wonder at the quick return of day.
O Jenny, let my arms about thee twine,
And press thy lovely breast and lips to mine:

S O N G.

J E N N Y.

Where I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should no more complain;
The easy maid o'ergone in love,
Few words will quickly gain.

For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine,
Has long affection felt for thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

R O G E R.

I'm happy now! Oh let my hand
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me nearly dead;
Is Jenny now so kind?

O let

O let me press thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine—
Delightful thought!—we'll never part!—
Come press your lips to mine.

J E N N Y.

With equal joy my yielding heart gives way,
To own your constant love has won the day;
Now by these sweetest kisses you have ta'en,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made one.

R O G E R.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first one strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kinder lov'd wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

S O N G.

J E N N Y.

Well, I agree, you're sure of me:
Next to my father go,
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you no.
For you know what he would be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents old think love grows cold
If children want their meal.

Should he deny I do not care,
He'd contradict in vain;
Though all my kin should swear and rave,
No other would I have.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find no fault in me.

ROGER

ROGER.

Within my folds are thirty oxen bred;
As many young ones in my byers are fed;
Five packs of wool I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn from my bob-tail'd wethers on the hill;
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
That with much care my thrifty mother made;
All things that make a heartsome house look tight
Was all her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all—which now gives joy to me,
Because I can give all my dear to thee.
If I had fifty times as much, I here declare,
None but my Jenny should ever of it share:
My love and all is yours, now keep them fast,
And guide them as you wish to make them last.

JENNY.

I'll do my best—but see who comes this way,
Patie and Meg—besides I must not stay.
Let's part from 'other now, and meet next morn,
Should we be seen we'll get a deal of scorn.

ROGER.

To where the willows shade the fishy pool,
I'll from the hill come down when day grows cool:
Keep your appointment, and there let us meet,
To kiss and tell our loves—there's nought so sweet.

S C E N E IV.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

INTRODUCTION.

*Within a gallery of this place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shewn his face,
But joking with his shepherd true
Oft asks the way full well he knew.*

H

Sir WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house, so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To one that lost it lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellion's tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail:
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Which fills us all with joy now he's come home.

*Sir William drops his mask and beard,
Symon transported sees
The welcome knight with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.*

SYMON.

My master!—my dear master!—my blood doth
warm,
To see him healthy, strong, and free from harm,
Return'd to cheer his longing tenants fight,
To bless his son—my charge—the world's delight.

Sir WILLIAM.

Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place your due—kind guardian of my boy;
I come to view your care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise,
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock:—next my own judgment stand
A bashful sorrow to the mind it brings
On every youth, though they descend from kings.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

And often vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends, which gives their souls a
cast,
And makes them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

I will believe, Sir, you have spoken true,
For there's 'Squire Kyties' son that's lov'd by few,
And what is worse, I blush to tell ye,
His father spent his fortune on his belly;
Lost to himself, his fortune, and his fame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name;
Who saunters up and down from place to place,
As free of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all as punishment for their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin;
Runs in each trader's debt who's so unjust
To his own family as give him trust.

Sir WILLIAM.

Such useless branches of the commonwealth,
Should be lopp'd off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's love can easy find excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse,

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the longest summer day
Would be too short;—could I them right display.
In words and deeds, by all must be confest,
In every point he far excels the rest;
And when there's any quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whose cause is best:

H 2

And

And his decree stands good ; he'll make it stand,
Who dares to grumble finds his correcting hand ;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He makes the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir WILLIAM.

Your tale much pleases ;—my good friend proceed,
What learning has he ?—can he write or read ?

SYMON.

Both wond'rous well, for truth I was not sparing
To give him at the school enough of learning ;
And he delights in books, he reads and speaks,
With those that know them Latin words and
Greeks.

Sir WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read, and of what kind ?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, songs, and sport ;
Plenty of those he has at his own will,
And in his pocket takes them to the hill ;
About one Shakespeare, and a famous Ben,
Of them he often speaks, and calls them best of
men :

How sweetly Hawthenden and Sterling sing, }
And one call'd Cowley—loyal to the king, }
He knows full well, and makes their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
About some poems, histories, and plays ;
When I reprov'd him once, a book he brings,
With this, he says, on hills I chat with kings.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

He answer'd well ; and much it glads my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear ;
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What know we better that so seldom look,
Except on rainy Sunday's on a book,
When we a leaf or two half read, half spell,
Till all the rest sleep round, and not one word could
tell.

Sir WILLIAM.

Well jested, Symon,—but one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd at age when little loves
Flutter around young hearts like cooing doves :
Has no young girl with neat inviting mein,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his looks, and caught his youthful heart ?

SYMON.

I fear the worst, but know the smallest part.
Of late I saw him frequently more sweet
With Glau'd's fair niece than I thought right or
meet ;
I had my fears, but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear ;
A gentleman enrich'd with all his charms,
May bless the best born ladies arms.

Sir WILLIAM.

This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go,

Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command.
Now in my own apparel I'll go dress,
And you this secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand fly !
There's none can know it, Sir, but you and I.
[Exit. Symon.]

Sir WILLIAM, *solus.*

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years ;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares are vanish'd like a morning dream ;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise, like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and his love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve. }
Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine ;
Thus education makes the genius bright.
Exeunt.

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MADGE.

O U R lord's come home, and owns young
Pate his heir—

MAUSE.

That's news indeed !

MADGE.

————— As true as you stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William like a warlock with a beard,
A foot in length and white as snow could fall,
Among us came, cry'd, keep you merry all.
We wonder'd much at such an uncouth look,
While from his pocket he took out a book,
As we stood round him gaping with surprize,
He view'd us all, but fix'd on Pate his eyes;
And sily said our fortunes he could foreshow,
But money would not take from friend or foe.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

Then sure the girls and boys would never stand,
But run about him and hold out their hand.

MADGE.

As fast as fleas skip to the little wool
About fly Reynard's mouth when his belly's full;
When he to drown them and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backwards in a pool:
In short he did for Pate great things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last when well diverted he withdrew,
Pull'd off his beard to Symon—Symon knew
His welcome master.
Around the knees he clasp'd the father of his boy,
Hung on his coat and freely wept for joy:
Patrick was sent for, happy youth is he!—
Symon told Elspa—Elspa told it me.
You'll hear of all this secret story soon,
Indeed 'tis very strange, when all is done;
To hear how Symon never would unfold,
No, not so much as Pate himself he told—
Our Peg, poor girl, alas, has lost her love!

MAUSE.

It may be so, and yet his mind may never rove.
To change a love that's fix'd is a great pain,
King's have made choice of queen's from off the
plain,
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Such nonsense, love is fix'd by fortunes that are
good,
'Tween a herd's child and one of noble blood!
Such

MADGE.

Such fashions in king Bruce's days might be,
But such strange wonders now we never see.

MAUSE.

If Pate forfakes her, Bauldy may succeed,
Yonder he comes with joyous looks indeed—
No doubt he thinks he's got the charming maid. }

MADGE.

He get her!—flavering fool, it sets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.
If I were Peg I'd let young master see,

MAUSE.

You'd be as proud in making choice as he,
And so would I, but silence—here he comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.

Janny said to Jockey, do not let this pass,
You shall be the lad and I will be the lass,
You're a pretty youth, and I a girl quite free,
Your welcomer to marry, than to let me be.

BAULDY.

I think so too, girls will come in at last,
Tho' for a while they must their snow-balls cast.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how goes all things now?

BAULDY.

————— Faith, very right,
I hope we'll all sleep found but one to night.

I

MADGE.

MADGE.

And who's the unlucky one if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find that out's a very easy task :
 Poor bonny Peggy, who must think no more
 On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge and honest Maufe let's
 see,
 While Peg's in dumps, put in a word for me ;
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
 Less wilful, and more constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where many a time to her your heart was sworn—
 Fye, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard,
 What other girl believe a man-sworn herd ;
 The curse of heaven hangs above the heads
 Of those that guilty are of sinful deeds :
 I'll not advise my niece to hear your love,
 And if I did, would not my advice approve.

BAULDY.

Not advice from you !—man-sworn !—you lie,
 old wife,
 Keep in your words, or I shall breed much strife ;
 Be careful what you say, or I'll make you stand,
 With blushing face before the holy band.

MADGE.

You'll make me stand you filthy chattering fool !
 Speak that again, and trembling dread this tool*.

* She has in her hand a rock or spindle, which she has been spinning with.

And

And ten sharp nails that when they're fasten'd in,
Can strip the skin of both your cheeks and chin.

BAULDY.

I take you witness, Maufe, you heard her say
That I'm man-sworn—it shall not end that way.

MADGE.

You're witness too he call'd me pretty names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
You filthy dog!—

*Flies to his hair like a fury—Maufe endeavours
to part them.*

MAUSE.

Let go your hold;—fye Madge, fye,
————— Bauldy yield,
I would not wish this should be known a field—
It's so foolish like—

BAULDY.

————— 'Tis fillier like to bear
Affronts from one no better than an adder,
Bauldy gets from her with a bloody nose.

MADGE.

Dare he presume with his vile dirty tongue,
To speak of me—whether I'm old or young,
They're older yet than I have married been,
And 'ere they died, their childrens children seen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and Bauldy you was far to blame,
To call Madge ought but her own christian name,
My ears, my nose. and noddle, finds the same. }

MADGE.

Old ill-natur'd wife indeed!—dirty fellow!—
I shall old ye!

MAUSE.

No more, no more—we'll yet be friends with honest Bauldy.—

Come, come, shake hands ; this must no farther go,
You must forgive him he's oppress'd with woe.

BAULDY.

Indeed, now Madge, I have no spite at Mause,
But she abusing first was all the cause
Of what has happen'd ; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon, gallows !—'tis not meet,
Go, cry, and own your fault to her you'd cheat ;
Go, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till you perform to her as well as swear,
Vow, and go back !—was e'er the like heard tell,
Swift take him devil, he's o'er long out of hell.

BAULDY, *running off*.

May God be with me, for sure curst is he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Exit Bauldy.

MADGE, *laughing*.

I've touzell'd him so we'll ne'er again agree,
He'll never long to tell his love to me ;
He's but a rascal that would hint to serve
A maiden so, he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

You touzel'd him tightly, I commend you for't,
His bloody snout gave me no little sport,

For

For this forenoon he was that free of grace
And breeding both to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and would not stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

M A D G E.

A witch!—how had you patience this to bear,
And leave him eyes to see or ears to hear?

M A U S E.

Old wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges folks resentment to decline;
Till oft 'tis seen, when vigour fails then I
With cunning can the want of strength supply;
Thus I put off revenge till it was dark,
Bid him come then and we would go to work;
I'm sure he'll keep his time, and I came here,
To ask your help that we the fool may fear.

M A D G E.

And special sport we'll have as I protest;
You'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghost,
A linen sheet wrapt round me, like one dead,
I'll chalk my face and grin and shake my head;
We'll fright him so that he shall never long
A conjuring to go, to do a maiden wrong.

M A U S E.

Then let's be gone, for see 'tis near hand night,
The western clouds shine red with setting light.

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*When birds began to nod upon the bough,
And the green grass grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The gentle shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,*

Walks

*Walks through the broom with Roger ever true,
To meet to comfort Peg, and take a long adieu.*

PATIE and ROGER.

ROGER.

Oh but I'm chearful and my heart's quite light,
'Deed Mr. Patrick, all your thoughts are right,
Sure gentlefolks are fairer seen than we,
That nothing have to brag of pedigree;
My Jenny now who break my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and no more scorn.
I spoke my mind—she heard—I spoke again—
She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I'm glad to hear it, but Oh, my change this day!
Sorrow and joy alternate on me play:
I've found a father with every virtue blest,
And an estate rears me above the rest.
With looks all kindness, words that love confest }
He all the father to my soul exprest'd, }
While close he held me to his manly breast. }
Such was the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of my lov'd mother, blessing of his youth;
Who set too soon!—and while he praise bestow'd,
Down his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd;
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did mingled thus o'er all my thoughts prevail,
That speechless long my late known sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd,
Unusual transports made my head turn round }
While I myself with rising raptures found, }
The happy son of one so much renown'd }
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear.

Which

Which he forbids—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

ROGER.

How to advise indeed I'm at a stand,
But were't my case you'd clear it up off hand.

PATIE.

Duty and strictest reason pleads his cause,
But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
Still on my heart my Shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

S O N G.

Duty and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason,
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now though I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels,
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them both—Sir William will be won—
Your Peggy's handsome—you're his only son.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows and stronger ties of love,
And from those bonds no change my mind shall
move;
I'll wed none else, thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER

ROGER.

Is not our master and yourself to stay
Among us here, or are you going away
To London court or other far off parts,
And leave your own poor us with broken hearts.

PATIE.

To Edinburgh strait to-morrow we advance,
To London next, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some time to learn to dance; }
And two or three other monkey-tricks like those
I come home strutting in my red-heel shoes.
Then its design'd when I can well behave,
That I must be some peevish thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I know well
I no more need than carts do a third wheel;
But Peggy dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear such news shall hear my death.

ROGER.

*' They that have just enough can soundly sleep,
' What's over only troubles folk to keep.—*
Good Mr. Patrick take your own story back again,

PATIE.

What was my morning thoughts are still the same,
The rich and poor but differ in the name;
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
From heaven above—without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

But an estate like yours can greater blessings
yield,
When we but pick it scantily in the open field;
Fine clothes, soft beds, sweet houses and red wine,
Good cheer and witty friends whene'er you dine,
Obedient

Obedient servants, honour, wealth, and ease,
Who's not content with those are ill to please.

PATIE.

So Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss ;
But many a cloud hangs hov'ring o'er the bliss :
The passions rule the roast ; and if they're four,
Like the lean cow will soon the fat devour ;
The spleen, lost honour, and affronted pride,
Sting like the sharpest sword in gentry's side.
The gout, the gravel, and the ill disease,
Most frequent are with folks of too much at ease,
While o'er the lawns the shepherd with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish and wholesome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder and it much delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights ;
How get you all this sense, I fain would hear,
That I might easier disappointments bear ?

PATIE.

From books, the choice of books I got some
skill,
The best can teach what's real good and ill ;
Ne'er grudge each year to spare some stones of
cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

ROGER.

I'll do't, and you shall tell me which to choose,
Faith I'll have books, if I should sell my cows :
But let me hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

K

PATIE.

PATIE.

Then here it is his will must be obey'd ;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride,
But I some time this last design must hide :
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

This secret I will keep for ever in my breast,
The devil shall not know what you to me express'd.
[Exit Roger.]

PATIE *solus*.

With what a struggle must I now impart,
My father's will to her that holds my heart !
I know she loves, and her soft soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red !——

Enter PEGGY.

My Peggy, why in tears ?
As usual smile, allow no room for fears ;
Tho' I'm no more a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think so high ;—I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd keep thee.
Who can without great pain see from the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost ?—
Like to be carried by some river's hand,
Far from his wishes to some distant land.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, while it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our love's frown,
But love's superior to a parent's frown;—
I falsehood hate;—come, kiss thy cares away,
I know to love as well as to obey—
Sir William's gen'rous—leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on, speak ever thus, and still my grief,
But hardly I dare to hope the fond relief,
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me!—with sighs may curse my fate,
When the young 'squires no more my chearful Pate,
No more again to hear sweet tales express'd,
By the blythe shepherd that excell'd the rest;
No more be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me when I danc'd or sung:
No more, alas! will on the meadows play,
And run half breathless round the cocks of hay;
No more around the foggy hill I'll creep,
To watch the stars upon thee while asleep.—
But hear my vow!—'twill help to give me ease—
May sudden death, or deadly sore disease,
And worst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to one but you I be a wife.—

S. O. N. G.

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alas ! poor me, will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, who's wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell ;—
Ah, I can die, but never funder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented cocks round which we play'd
You'll loose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, Ah ! shall I never creep
Around the hill with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, heaven ! while solemnly I vow !
Though thou should prove a wand'ring lover ;
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

P A T I E.

Sure heav'n approves ! and be assur'd of me,
I ne'er shall change from what I've sworn to thee ;
And time, though time must interpose a while,
And I must leave my Peggy and this isle ;
Yet time nor distance nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer e'er shall fill thy place,
I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
The fair foundation of my faithful love ;
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul from my delighted maid,
For thee I'd sooner leave all these inferior things,
To such as have the patience to be kings :—
Wherefore

Wherefore that tear?—believe and calm thy mind,

PEGGY.

I weep for joy to hear thy words so kind.
When hope was sunk and nought but dark despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care;
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me;
With patience then I'll wait each rolling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear,
And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my trav'lers arms,
I'll gain on uncle Glaud, he's far from being a fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' each school;
Where I may manners learn.—

S O N G.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break,
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for your sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms,
Hope time away till thou appear,
Then for ever be lock'd in those arms.
While thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the daisies in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fuel of love,
If virtue's in grain in the wife,
And the husband has sense to approve.

PATIE.

That's wisely said,
And what he spends that way shall be well paid;
Though without all the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, left in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unknown,
Affect oft times to take the thing we hate,
And drop serenity to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad—speak when we've nought
to say,
And for the fashion glad—tho' sorry when we're
gay;
Pay compliments to them we oft have scorn'd;
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is gen'try I had rather be—
What I am still—but I'll be ought with thee,

PATIE.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes, for still among the best
Good manners give integrity a blaze,
When native virtues join their arts to please.

PEGGY.

Since with no hazard, and so small expence,
My lad from books can gather so much sense,

Then

Then why, Ah! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel that would force his son
For what he knows not, so great risk to run.

PATIE.

There is no doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake my love;
But soon as I've shook off my rustic cast
In foreign cities, home to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY.

With every sitting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return;
Under that tree, among the flowers gay,
Where oft when young we us'd to run and play;
And to the hazlethaw where first you vow'd your
love,
You would be mine, and I your love approv'd;
I'll often go and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy that they'll bear witness I am yours.

S O N G.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll visit oft the berken-bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
While round thou did'st enfold me.

To all your haunts I will repair,
To greenwood shade or fountain,
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With thee upon the mountain;

There

There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thought unfeign'd and tender,
By vow you're mine, my love is yours,
A heart which cannot wander.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me from your temples fair,
A shining ringlet of your flowing hair ;
Which as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Wer't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease,
Nor would I if your luck had fallen to me,
Been in one jot less generous to thee.

PATIE.

I doubt it not, but since we have little time,
Spend it on words would border on a crime ;
Love's softer meaning better is express'd,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart impress'd.

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter BAULDY.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps all within its
power?

Far to the north—the small approaching light,
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night,
What makes you shake and stare, and look so white?
Your teeth they chatter, hair doth stand upright.

BAULDY.

O lend me soon some water, milk, or beer,
My head's grown giddy—legs do shake with fear!
I'll ne'er dare venture by myself at night,
For no poor mortal e'er got such a fright;
I'll ne'er recover—Oh Symon! Symon! Oh!

[Symon gives him some liquor.]

SYMON.

What ails the fool, what makes you this to do?
You've wak'd Sir William;—he has left his bed—
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd—I hear his tread.

L

Enter

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir WILLIAM.

How goes the night ? As yet the morning dawn
Spreads its bright circle o'er the dewy lawn.

SYMON.

I'm forry, Sir, your rest has been disturb'd,
More quiet in my house should be observ'd ;
To please you ever shall be all my boast,
But this mad fool has seen a witch or ghost.

BAULDY.

What Symon says, dear Sir, is very true,
And here I come to tell it all to you.

Sir WILLIAM, *smiling*:

I long to hear it, Bauldy, pray proceed.

BAULDY.

I crave your pardon—but that old witch call'd
Maufe,
That lives above the hill, was all the cause :
First did she promise with her witchcraft art,
Change hate to love, a pretty lass's heart.
As was agreed I met with her this night,
I wish no friend of mine get such a fright,
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
O dismal thought !—'tis like to freeze my blood !
Rais'd up a ghost, or devil—I know not what,
Like a dead corps that in the grave doth rot ;
Black hands it had, and face as white as death,
Both on me fell, till I was out of breath ;
They pull'd me down, the story I would hide,
To tell the truth they whipt my bare backside,
My

My heart did beat, and hopes I had but few,
Depriv'd of sense I knew not what to do ;
Then with a hideous laugh, they vanish'd quite,
Left me half dead with anger, fear, and spite :
Crawl'd on all-fours, once more your pardon crave,
And come to you, that I might justice have ;—
Do burn the witch, a creature that I hate,
Or sure my heart will ne'er give o'er to beat.

Sir WILLIAM.

With pleasure, Bauldy, I your cause will hear,
And orders give that Maufe shall soon appear.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour, I will soon attend,
First Pate and Roger get to bind the fiend,
Prevent the witch from doing me more evil,
Left spells she cast to raise again the devil.
[Exit Bauldy.]

Sir WILLIAM.

Good Symon through this story I can see,
The witch and ghost have acted merrily ;
Uncultivated minds are oft oppress'd,
When education lulls the mind to rest.

SYMON.

But does your worship think there's no such
thing
As witch and devils, dancing round a ring ?
A thousand tricks they'll play, I have heard tell ;
Contriv'd they could not be on this side hell.

Sir WILLIAM.

Such as the devil dancing on the plain,
Amongst old women blind and lame.

How glad they are to see him come and pass,
 O'er hedge and ditch in shape much like an ass;
 At other times appears like a black horn'd cow,
 And often like a dog, a cat, or fow:
 Then with his train thro' airy paths he glides,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broomsticks ride,
 Or in an egg-shell skim along the main,
 To drink the devil's health in France or Spain;
 And then at night disturb the confus'd fools,
 Pull down their cupboards, break their chairs and
 stools:—

If in such things you or your friends believe,
 I ne'er did to them any credit give.

S Y M O N.

Its true, indeed, we never heard a witch
 Had much good sense, or one that e'er was rich,
 But Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life;
 Which makes me think the noise of what is past
 Will end in nothing but a joke at last.

S I R W I L L I A M.

I am sure it will—but see the morning light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Pray raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 While I walk out to take the morning air.

S O N G.

I.

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day.

II.

II.

Without a guilty sting or wrinkled brow,
The lark and the linnnet attend his levee,
And join in the concert as drawing his plough,
From toil or grimace and pageantry free.

III.

While flutter'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of the main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

IV.

May health be my portion, and quiet of mind,
Pleas'd at a due distance from party and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach man who has happiness link'd to his fate.

S C E N E II.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue ribband Jenny binds her hair,
Glaud by his fire side doth take a warm,
While morning sun doth all the fields adorn;
With pipe in mouth the girls they on him play,
And though in years he breaks the joke away.*

GLAUD, PEGGY and JENNY.

GLAUD.

I wish my child it may keep fair till night,
You do not use so soon to see the light;
But I can guess the cause of this—
'Tis to see Pate, and get a parting kiss;
His station's alter'd, soon he'll from us move,
Or can you think he'd ever grant you love.

GLAUD.

J E N N Y.

Though he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has more sense than slight old friends tho' poor;
But yesterday he call'd us all his dear,
And kiss'd my cousin Peg from ear to ear.

G L A U D.

Ay, ay, no doubt on't, and he'll do't again,
But be advis'd—his company refrain;
Before he as a shepherd sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Such Godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

P E G G Y.

A rake!—What's that?—do tell me, I can't rest,
If aught that's bad, it ne'er possess'd his breast.

G L A U D.

O, foolish girl, I'll tell to you my mind,
One young, and good, and gentle's rare to find.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks no shame
To do what like of us think sin to name;
Such are so void of shame, take pride to tell
In base disorders they have been unwell;
They'll tempt young girls with youthful talk and
skill,
Then cast them off, when they have had their will;
Be careful then and don't encourage Pate,
Lest you repent it, when it is too late.

P E G G Y.

Sir William's virtuous and of gentle blood,
And may not Patrick too like him be good.

G L A U D.

That's true, and many more than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;

But

But not so many, truth to you I'll tell,
Some laugh at God, at doomsday, fin, and hell.

JENNY.

Surprizing thought!—to me that's very odd,
Sure he that doubts a doomsday doubts a God.

GLAUD.

Doubt!—why they never doubt, nor judge, nor
think;
Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, and drink;
But I am sure, though all these things I've said,
One of those crimes will ne'er to Pate be laid.

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid! O he knows better things—
But here comes aunt—her face some wonder brings.

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

Make haste to Symon's, there to lend an ear,
You need not tarry long, 'twill soon appear,
'Twixt Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
art,
Sir William's judge, to act his friendly part.

GLAUD.

Give me my stick, I'll step a bit before—
Madge, bring the girls, and lock the outer door.

Exit. Glaud.

MADGE.

See Peggy's bosom how it pants with grief,
With tears and sighs, but cannot find relief;
This day her sprightly lover takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;

To

To change his shepherd's staff, cut from the plain;
For a fine sword and glancing headed cane;
To leave his wooden spoon and cream of whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-made hay;
To leave the green grass dance when we go milk;
To sport among the ladies clad in silk;
But Peg, poor Peg! must with the shepherds stay,
And take what God will send in homespun grey.

P E G G Y.

Dear aunt, what need you trouble me with scorn?
'Tis not my fault that I'm no gentler born,
If I the daughter of some lord had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Pate upon the green;
His exalted station ne'er shall make me pine,
If he's another's sure he can't be mine;
But then if heaven, who forms all love's decree,
Designs him mine, I yet his wife shall be.

M A D G E.

A pretty tale indeed!—but we delay,
Pin up your aprons both, and come away.

S C E N E III.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

*Sir William fills the elbow chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe,
Attend and with loud laughter hear
Mad Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
The scourge he got as well as claws,
For breaking of good-breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd the rage,
Of Madge and Maufe, that worthy sage.*

S I R W I L L I A M.

And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, you was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd,

Was

Was it so small a matter to defame
And thus abuse an honest woman's name;
Besides you're going about to have betray'd
By perjury an innocent young maid.

B A U L D Y.

Sir, I confess my fault through all the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

M A U S E.

Thus far you oblige me on that score,
I knew not that they thought me such before.

B A U L D Y.

And, like your honour, I believe it well,
Confus'd enough I was to see the devil,
Yet, with your honour's leave, tho' she's no witch,
She's both a sly and a revengeful —
And that my some place finds, I need not boast,
But hold my tongue, for yonder comes the ghost,
And the young pretty witch, whose rosy cheek,
Sent me without my wits the devil to seek.

Enter M A D G E, P E G G Y, and J E N N Y.

Sir W I L L I A M, *looking at Peggy.*

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and looks so lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes!—what's this? I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind;
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.—
Is this your daughter, Glaud?

G L A U D.

— Sir she's my niece—
And yet she's not, but I must hold my peace.

M

Sir

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction—what d'ye mean?
She is and she is not—pri'thee Glaud explain.

GLAUD.

Because I doubt if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret fifteen year—

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak soon!—I'm all impatience—

PATIE.

————— So am I
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Then, since my master orders, I obey :—
This pretty foundling, one clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean and carefully wrapt round,
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make,
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake,
Who, worse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air
So much of innocence, so sweetly fair,
So helpless young ; for she appear'd to me,
Not more than four months old to be :
I took her in my arms, the infant smil'd,
With such a look would make a savage mild ;
Conceal'd the story, nor did I e'er incline,
Nor does one know but that's a niece of mine ;
And I am glad she now so sweet appear,
For well she's worthy all my cost and care ;

You

You see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
And am right fure she's come of gentle blood,
To whom I know not, neither know I more
Of this whole matter than I told before.

PATIE.

———— The tale delights mine ear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth ap-
appear.

MAUSE.

Be that my task.—Now, sir, bid all be hush;
Peggy may smile, you have no cause to blush.
Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim;
He 'twas at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman do not rave—prove what you say,
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's so near her grave?
But how or why it should be truth I grant
The thing looks strange, therefore a reason want.

OMNES.

The story's odd!—we wish to hear it out.

M 2

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve our doubt.

[Maufe goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well ;—has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd ?
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand—
Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

Sir WILLIAM.

Ha ! honest nurse ! where were my eyes before ?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more.

MAUSE.

Yet from the winding mazes, to lead out my
mind,
So to expose her, who was so unkind.

[Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit
by him.

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece !—truth must prevail—
But no more words till Maufe relates her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurse, go on, no music's half so fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's long, but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd with avaricious view

Her

Her rich estate, of which they're now possess'd ;
 All this to me in confidence confess'd.
 I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
 They'd smother the forsaken orphan in her bed !
 That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour the floor I softly press'd,
 And stole the sleeping infant swift away,
 With whom I travel'd some few miles 'ere day ;
 All day I hid me—when the day was done
 Pursu'd my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads these chearful swains;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her might be by ;
 Here honest Glaud himself and Symon may
 Remember well, how I that very day
 From Roger's father took my little cot—

GLAUD, *with tears of joy dropping down his beard.*

I well remember't !—blessings be your lot.
 Long have I wish'd for this, for oft I thought,
 Such knowledge some time would about be brought.

PATIE.

Its now a crime to doubt, my joys are full,
 With due obedience to a parent's will ;
 Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms ;
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir WILLIAM.

My niece !—my daughter !—welcome to my
 care !
 Sweet image of thy mother good and fair ;
 Equal

Equal with Patrick, now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame;
My boy, receive her from your father's hand
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace and kneel to Sir William.

PATIE.

With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As one would life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give ye both my blessing—may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy with the blest surprize;
So happy now to be a match for one
Who has to me such gen'rous kindness shewn;
Long may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy, while heaven grant he on them reigns.

PATIE.

Be long our guardian, ever may you live,
I'll only crave what you will please to give—
The estate be your's, and Peggy I receive.

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends,

Sir WILLIAM.

The base unnatural! villains soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below;
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make them reimburse their ill got gains.

PEGGY.

P E G G Y.

To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate;
For his sake ever will I constant prove,
And ever bless the hour he call'd me love.

S Y M O N.

What double gladness brightens up this day;—
I hope now, sir, you'll not soon haste away:
Shall I put up your horses and prepare
A dinner for you of good country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Look on that pair, and doat on you;
E'en Bauldy there has quite forgot,
How Madge did flog him—witty Maufe's plot.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Kind old man I stay with you this day,
I never from these fields again will stray;
Masons and carpenters shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new plantings rear;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

S Y M O N.

That's the best news I heard these twenty years;
New day breaks out, rough times begin to clear.

G L A U D.

God save the king, and save Sir William long,
To enjoy his own, and raise the shepherd's song.

R O G E R.

Who will not dance?—who will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle will not hail the spring?

BAULDY.

B A U L D Y.

I'm friends with Maufe—with very Madge I'm
'greed,
Though frighten'd much and flogg'd indeed;
I'm now quite happy and frankly can forgive,
And join and sing long may Sir William live.

M A D G E.

Long may he live; but Bauldy your a cake,
Your mouth pray stop, and think before you speak,
Call no one old that has not married been,
Else you may dread the fingers you have seen;
This day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
And blest the hour that I was call'd the aunt
Of our young lady—may blessings on her flow.

P E G G Y.

No other name for you I'll ever know.
And, my good nurse, how shall I grateful be,
For all thy matchless kindness done to me?

M A U S E.

The flowering pleasures of this happy day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir W I L L I A M.

To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud to you,
And to your heirs I give an endless few,
The farms you now possess as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to my pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare:
Maufe in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your maker's praise.

OMNES.

OMNES.

The Lord reward you as he shall think fit,
Our hearts and hands to you are both rivet.

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

PATIE.

Sir here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd,
My bosom secrets when I was a shepherd;
Glaud's daughter Jenny, (Jenny think no shame)
Rais'd and maintain'd in him a lover's flame;
Long was he dumb, at last he spoke and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That none may wear a face of discontent.

Sir WILLIAM.

My son's demand is fair—Glaud let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields I'll make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, sir, what can we say,
But that we're bankrupts that can never pay,
Whate'er your honour's will I shall obey: }
Roger, my daughter, with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make;
Please him, be faithful, and this old grey head
Shall nod in quiet down among the dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at speaking all my days,
And when I did 'twas not in my own praise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

N

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,
Each in his station as I'd wish or crave ;
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find,
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft when hopes are higher we're beguil'd
Oft when we stand on brink of dark despair
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care,
Now all's at rights who sings best let me hear. }

PEGGY.

Your demand is granted, whatsoe'er you crave,
I'll sing you one the newest that I have.

NO 58

S O N G.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his walking,
The shining of his eyes surprize—
It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spake,
Which set my heart a glowing :
He kiss'd and vow'd he would be mine,
He lov'd me best of any,
That makes me like to sing e'er since,
O corn-rigs are bonny.

Finis

There should be a page 103 with

one eight. his change -

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